The much lamented Sr James Stuart one of the kings blood, & Sr Georg wharton, ye prime branch of yt noble family, for little worthlis punctilios of honour (being intimate freinds,) took ye feild, & fell togeither by each. others hand.

Sr George Wharton Eldest son of Philipp 1st Wharton was slaine in a Duel By Sr James Stewart Kt, 8. Nov. 1609. whereupon the estate came to Sr Tho. Wharton father of Philip 1st Wharton the cowardlie Rebell.

BIBLIOTHECA·BODLEIANA·

A lamentable Ballad, of a Combate lately performed neer *London*,

betwixt Sir *James Steward*, and Sir *George Wharton* Knights who were both slaine at that time. The tune is, *Downe Plumpton Parke*.

IT grieves my heart to tell the woe,
neare London late that did befall,
On Mardemas Eve, O woe is me,
I grieve the chance and ever shall:
Of two right gallant Gentlemen,
who very rashly fell at words,
But so their quarrell could not fall,
till they fell both by their keene swords.

The one was Sir George Wharton call'd,
the good Lord Whartons sonne and heire;
The other Sir Iames the Scottish Knight,
a man that valiant heart did beare:
Neere to the Court these gallants stout,
fell out as they in gaming were,
And in their fury grew so hot,
they hardly could from blowes forbeare.

Nay, kind intreaties could not stay,
Sir Iames from striking in that place,
For in the height and heat of blood,
he struck young Wharton o're the face.
What dost thou meane, said Wharton then,
to strike in such unmanly sort,
That I will take it at thy hand,
the tongue of man shall ne're report.

Why doe thy worst, then said Sir Iames,
and marke me Wharton what I say;
There's ne're a Lord in England breaths,
shall make me give an inch of way.
This brags so brave, stout Wharton said,
let our large English Lords alone:
And talke to me that am your foe,
for thou shalt find enough of one.

Alas Sir! said the Scottish Knight,
thy blood and mind's too base for me;
Thy oppositions be to bold,
and will thy life destruction be:
Nay said young Wharton you mistake,
my courage and valour equals thine,
To mak't apparent, take thy Glove
to gage to try, as I do mine.

I said sir Iames, hast thou so high spirit?
I did not thinke within thy breast,
That such a haughty daring heart,
as thou mak'st shew of ere could rest:
I enterchange my glove with thee,
take it and point thy bed of death,
The field I meane where we must fight
and one or both lose life and breath.

We'l meet neere Waltham said Sir George
to morrow that shall be the day;
We'l either take a single man,
and try who beares the bell away:
This done, together hands they shooke,
and without any envious signe;
They went to Ludgate where they staid,
and drancke each man his pint of wine.

No kind of anger could be seen,
no words of malice might bewray,
But all was faire, as calme, as coole,
as love within their bosome lay:
Till parting time and then indeed,
they shew'd some rancor of their heart,
George, said Sir Iames, when next we meet,
so sound I know we shall not part.

And so they parted, both resolv'd,
to have their valours fully try'd,
The second part shall briefly show,
both how they met and how they dy'd.

The Second Part.

YOung Wharton was the firſt that came,
to the appointed place on the next day,
Who preſently ſpy'd Sir Iames comming,
as faſt as he could poſt away:
And being met in manly ſort,
the Scoten Knight did to Wharton ſay,
I doe not like thy doublet George,
it fits ſo cleare on thee to day.

Hast thou no privie Armour on,
nor yet no privie coat of ſteel?
I ne're ſaw Lord in all my life,
become a doublet halfe ſo weel:
No nay, now nay ſtout Wharton ſaid,
Sir Iames Steward that may not be,
Ile not an armed man come hither,
and thou a naked man truely.

Our men ſhall ſtrip our doublets George,
ſo ſhall we know whether of us doe lye,
And then we'l to our weapons ſharpe,
our ſelves true Gallants for to try:
Then they ſtript off their doublets faire,
ſtanding up in their ſhirts of Lawn;
Follow my counſell the Scotch man ſaid,
and Wharton to this Ile make it known.

Now follow my counſell, Ile follow thine,
and we'l fight in our ſhirts ſaid he;
Now nay, now nay, young Wharton ſaid,
Sir Iames Steward that may not be:
Unleſſe we were drunkards & quarrellers,
that had no care over our ſelf,
Nor caring what we doe about,
or whether our ſouls go to heaven or hell.

We'l firſt to God bequeath our ſoules,
then next our corps to duſt and clay,
With that ſtout Wharton was the firſt,
toke rapier and poniard there that day.

Seven thruſts in turnes theſe gallants had,
before one drop of blood was ſeene;
The Scoten Knight then ſpake valiantly,
ſtout Wharton ſtill thou hold'ſt thine owne.

With the next thruſt that Wharton thrust,
he ran him through the ſhoulder bone;
The next was through the thick o'th thigh,
thinking he had the Scoten Knight ſlaine.
Then Wharton ſaid to'the Scotiſh Knight,
are you a living man? Tell me,
If there be a Surgion in England can,
he ſhall cure your wounds right ſpeedily.

Now nay, now nay, the Scotch Knight ſaid,
Sir George Wharton that may not be,
The one of us ſhall kill the other,
e're of this ground that we doe die.
Then in amaze Sir George lookt back,
to ſee what company was nigh,
They both had dangerous marks of death,
yet neither would from other flie.

But both through body wounded ſore,
with courage luſty ſtrong and ſound,
They made a deſperate deadly cloſe,
and both fell dead unto the ground.
Our Engliſh Knight was firſt that fell,
the Scottiſh Knight fell immediatly;
Who cryed both to Jeſus Chriſt,
receive our ſoules. O Lord we dye.

God bleſſe our noble King and Queen,
and all the Noble Progenie;
That Britain all may live in one,
in perfect love and unity.
Thus to conclude I make an end,
wiſhing that Quarrels ſtill may ceaſe,
And that we ſtill may live in love,
in proſperous ſtate, in joy and peace.

FINIS.

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